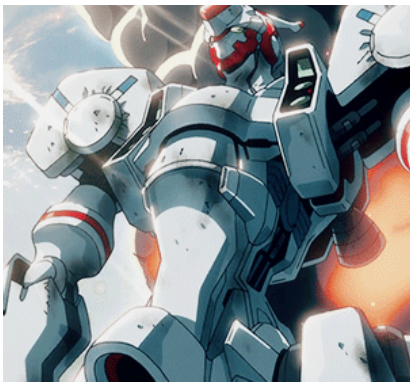
You can be amazeingly smart, and amazeingly dumb too.

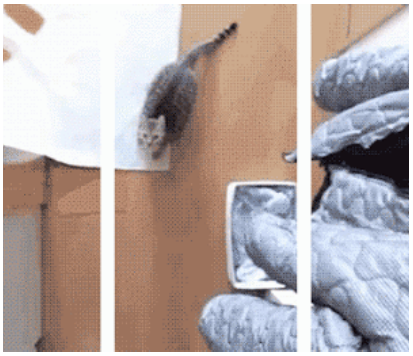
September 14, 2014 by Ratbat

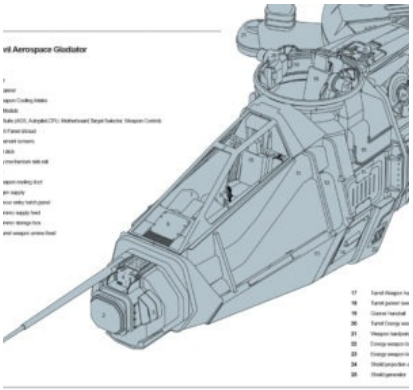
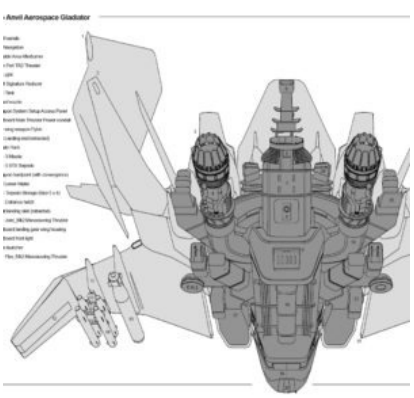
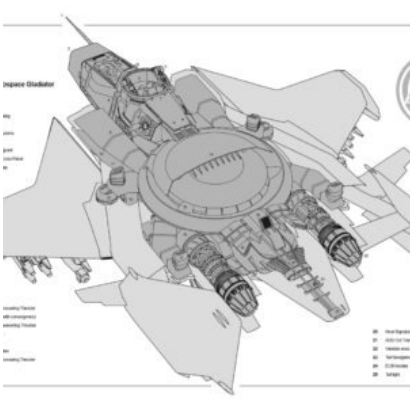
This week I scored a 96% on 2 school exams ANNND I completed a piece of art on the same day. You'd think I was on top of the world with how on a roll I am right now. But Pulling straight A's in all of my classes like a boss, and doing art, took it's toll, Because I was in a car accident that could have been 100% avoided had I just slept for 8 hours the previous night. On Tuesday I fell asleep at the wheel on the freeway during rush hour. I hit a truck, and spun out in a 720 before coming to a stop in a construction median. It was a miracle that I didn't die/get injured/injure someone else/kill someone else. The cost of being a fucking dumb ass, is that my car may in fact be totaled. I put people at risk, and for that- I am an asshole. I will get the appraisers report back on Tuesday to see if they will be willing to fix my car or if I'll be going shopping for something out of the hertz lot. I may not deserve my car back but–

Please Please Please ye Gods, please fix my kia. (now to cheer myself up..)

ıcial M50 commercial spoofs on the British version of Topgear.





Season 5 of walking dead cant fucking happen fast enough IMO. (I watch Vikings, The walking dead, and Game of thrones. those are my shows)

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NEW LIVING MACHINE PORN STORIES

Battleship sex

•story by Admiralstarknight (author of the alpha story)
http://www.furaffinity.net/view/14427683/

As i walk along the deck of the USS Wisconsin, i smile. I was on a self-guided tour of the deck, looking up at the large guns which graced this battleship.

As i look up as a tour walks past i sigh. I was having a great small vacation stay don here in Norfolk, but i missed my home and Alpha. Just thinking of him, made me feel wet. His thick aircraft cock sliding into me, while i moan in pleasure.

I shift slightly to look around at the deck. It wasn't all that crowded, probably because it was getting close to the museum's closing time.

I feel something brush my elbow, at first it was some sort of small bug it was so light. But then it wrapped around my arm and i turn my eyes down in surprise as I see a mechanical tentacle around my arm. So far she had only thought aircraft were alive, but the tentacle which i could see was coming from the ship proved otherwise. I look up and around for a face, there was none though, there were still people on deck. The tentacle tugged me towards an unknown location and I followed it without much difficulty.

When it was at an angle where none of the people could see, a few more appeared and dragged me safely into a hiding spot. I took a moment to glance at my phone and note that it was in fact a few minutes past closing time.

I frowned. Would someone from the museum doing a check over find her? Would there be guards? The question 'Why is the Wisconsin hiding me?' never even occurred to me. I knew why. Just like the aircraft, the ship seemed to know I knew about living machines, and that I wasn't going to spill the beans. I never would.

As I finally think of why the Wisconsin was hiding me I shiver in anticipation. How large could a ship be? Well, she was about to find out. As the tentacles dragged her out of her hiding spot it was quite dark out, the crickets chirped and the sound of ships active around Norfolk reached her as she looked upon the lights of the city of Norfolk.

"Now Wisconsin," I say with a smile. "I hope you understand I have an aircraft back home who expects me to arrive back in one piece."

To my surprise I didn't just get a blink, but a reply.

ɔubt he'll mind. Most aircraft who fuck humans tend to know that ships don'
as much as they do." Wisconsin's voice sounded powerful and soft, for a ship his size

and I look up and meet his eyes with a smile. “You do not mind do you? The person is usually here is not available.”

“You have a person?”

“Yes. The young officer who knows about us living machines is not here, but she still managed to have this time of night cleared so I could relax, however, I sensed something about you and decided to keep you around.” Wisconsin replied as tentacles began to tug at my clothing. I take off my shirt for him and the tentacles quickly rid of my bra. “You do not seem as scared as my person was the first time.”

“I trust that you will not hurt me.” I reply as the tentacles dragged my pants and underwear off with a few tugs, leaving my exposed and I was grateful the bow of the ship was not facing towards land as if you had the right equipment, you could see me on the deck.

I smile as I see Wisconsin’s penis emerge from where it was hidden away from the public eye. It was larger than Alpha’s (then again, comparing a ship to a Piper was sort off) but I could handle it. I kneel down and take it into my hands a run my hands down the warm metal, leaning forward to lick it and seeing the ship close its eyes in pleasure. I lick the precum off as I feel a tentacle wrap around a breast and one slip between my legs to rub at my already eager vagina.

“Someone’s a bit horny tonight.” The ship said softly, obviously amused at how fast I had gotten turned on as he pulled the tentacle free and felt the wetness. I could hear the smile in his voice as I ran my tongue up his large penis again. “Oh you’re good.” He said.

Then, he wrapped a tentacle around my legs and laid me back onto the deck, exposing my vagina I could feel the deck beneath me shiver slightly in excitement. I felt his penis push into me and I moaned as the large ship filled me.

“Oh God you’re tight.” Wisconsin says as he begins to thrust his penis in and out of me.

I don’t answer to lost in pleasure as the large ship thrusts into me. I moan my approval and pleasure and he speeds up his movements, knowing that this time would have to end and his current mate should not be here.

As his thrusts peed up I keep my moans low and mouth shut. I had learned with

Alpha not to make too much noise, and this was no different. Just my luck I drew attention to Wisconsin.

I moan and arch my back against his deck at the pleasure. “Wisconsin.. I’m close.”

“I can tell.” The battleship sounded a bit breathless, trying to keep his sounds to a minimum. “Cum for me, I shall for you.”

I bite my lip to keep myself from moaning loudly as I came and I heard a deep moan and felt a shiver through the deck beneath me as Wisconsin shoved his penis deep inside me and came himself.

I take a few seconds to gather my breath as Wisconsin withdraws from me and I sit up to look up at the large battleship. “Your partner is a lucky woman.”

“I know that.”

I was startled by the voice of another human as a young woman walked up on deck, obviously a naval officer. I blush, not use to being naked in front of others but the woman smiles and offers me a hand. She pulls me to my feet.

“I thought you said you would not be able to make it.” Wisconsin pointed out.

“I was able to shift my schedule around and thought I could get down here in time. Seems you found someone else.” The woman didn’t sound mad. “Tell me, how long have you known?”

I begin to gather up my clothes from the deck. “I… have known about living aircraft for quite a while. I didn’t know ships were living beings too.”

“Well the old man wasn’t too rough with you, was he?” The woman said with a small chuckle and the battle ship wrapped a tentacle around her lovingly.

“No, he was perfect.” I said with a small chuckle. “I have to get back to my hotel and I sort of don’t want to do that alone Ma’am.”

“Of course. ” The woman said. “My name is Lieutenant Rachael Kline. May I have the pleasure of knowing the name of a fellow human who had reveled in the pleasur- -f
g machines?”

I smile as I put on my shirt and smooth out the wrinkles. “I am Caitlyn StarNight. My, uh, ‘mate’ is named Alpha, a Piper Archer.”

“Nice.” She said as she led the way off and around the yard to where she could leave without it being suspicious. She took a pen out of her pocket and wrote down a number on my arm. “Here, if you ever want to join us again, give me a call during the day and I can arrange something. I’m sure Wisconsin would just love it.”

“I’m sure he would.” I say with a chuckle as I begin to walk down the street to my hotel.

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• When in Russia (story by Delta-x3 the guy who did the nighthawk story) http://www.furaffinity.net/view/14470016/

My second Living machine story based from the artwork of the ever brilliant ratbat

An American embassy guard in Russia is invited for a “personal tour” with a Mi-24 helicopter.

When in Russia:

-Personal journal entry 451: 8 May 2022

-I took leave for the week to see the Victory Day parade in Red Square to get some time away from guarding the embassy. They’re having a preview day where they will be having static displays of a lot of the vehicles and weapons systems that will take part in the Parade tomorrow. Being an American in Moscow at the moment isn’t the easiest thing but I can speak the language and I will have Leonid with me in case any problems should arise (he’s ex-Spetsnaz so he can kill with three fingers but only needs two).

“Leonid!” Chase shouted trying to find the only person he knew in this massive assemblage of people. The two had been separated by a mob of people swarming across the square leaving him almost alone in the amongst the aircraft on display in the square.

ɔse something American?” He heard a female voice say from behind him.

Was it that obvious he thought to himself. Alone, he hesitantly turned around expecting to be verbally assaulted yet again and this time without Leonid there to get the assailant off his back. To his amazement it was not just anyone but a Mi-24P attack helicopter. This was not his first time encountering one of the living machines but somehow they always managed to surprise him and this time he stood face to face with a mighty Mi-24.

“You looking for someone?” she repeated as he caught himself staring at her.

“Yes umm. Da” he tried piecing together his best Russian “Leonid Krevski, white, 1.9 meters tall” his voice tapered off as he realized how futile it was trying to describe him to a stranger.

“We can talk English if you like, mine is not bad” which was true despite the thick Russian accent “I do not get to practice much but I will try.”

Chase was relieved, she seemed friendly, more so he was intrigued, this was a Hind, an extremely effective attack helicopter and a personal favorite of his and now one was having a conversation with him. A difficult thing to wrap his mind around to say the least. “I lost the person I came with in that big crowd”

“He’s probably over looking at the new Ka-113X with everyone else” she replied her mood souring a little “you could go and watch the demonstration and find him”

“I’d rather not, too many people and I’ve seen the 113X on the internet and I don’t really like the look. I’d really rather wait here and talk to the first Mi-24 I’ve ever met” she seemed to perk up a little “I’m guessing you don’t like the 113?” he said.

“No, I guess I’m jut a little, how do you say it, envious” she said a little embarrassed that she had been so transparent “It’s just that its the 113’s first show and its my last, they’re retiring me after this year. The golden eagles will be all Havocs after this one”

“I don’t see how they could do that” Chase said “you’re a legacy, the foundation of Russian attack helicopters. Mi-24s are without rival the best and definitely best looking helicopters ever made” he noticed he had begun to get over excited but then noticed what else he had done. This was one for the books, he had actually made a Hind blush.

ir conversation carried on for over an hour ranging from war theory to perso past to preferred ways to un-jam a DshK. Her name was Anya, last remaining Hind in

service in the Russian Air force Golden Eagle aerial show team. He couldn't help but feel bad for her every time she mentioned her imminent retirement. Were it his choice such a prize bird would never be forgotten.

He noticed a figure walking towards them "There he is" Chase said "its a Honor getting to talk to you Anya, I wish we had more time."

She paused a second considering something "If you want a more personal tour you could come to my hangar tonight

"Definitely" he replied concealing his excitement.

"Go to the Barrikadnaya Metro station at Midnight"

"There you are" Leonid exclaimed in Russian as he approached the two "don't get lost like that, cant have you getting mugged." Not acknowledging Anya which was not uncommon in Russia, the living machines were not held in the same regard as in the US, they had yet to really accept them as more than the machines they once were, a point of friction currently in the State Duma.

"Lets go" and the two walked off. Chase hoped she was insinuating what he thought she was. It was either that or he would get to the meeting spot and there would be a van of masked men with black bags waiting.

-Personal Journal entry 452: 7 May 2022

-So I've been invited for an evening with a Mi-24 Attack helicopter named Anya. Crazy right? I don't know what she has planned but I'm hopefully optimistic. It could be the FSB trying to nab up an embassy guard but that's not likely… I hope."

Chase stood at the metro entrance, wrapped tightly in his "soviet special" double breasted overcoat and fur hat. Leonid had advised against him going out alone at night but this was worth the risk, an evening with Anya.

The street was nearly deserted when he saw a set bright lights coming his way accompanied by the roaring of a heavy engine. Breaks squealed loudly as the BRDM 2 scout car came to a rapid stop in front of him. "Are you Chase?" a voice said in Russian. It took him a second to process it but the voice came from the vehicle itself

ther living machine Chase thought to himself, two in one day was quite a str

but at least it wasn't a black van with head bags. "we haven't got all day crawl in,

Anya sent me."

Chase nodded and crawled up the side of the armored car and into the side seat.

"Anya sent me to pick you up" the machine said in a gruff Russian voice "I am Vadik. A friend of Anya's"

"She sent you to come get me? Where is she?" $300 of language software finally paying off.

"Believe it or not American , this may be Russia but landing a helicopter in the middle of a street draws attention here also".

Chase nodded, Thinking of it now, it made sense.

"She is at the Kubinka air base."

"How do you know her" He could hardly hear himself think over Vadik's engine

"Her and I have been at Kubinka for a long time. My model has not seen combat in a long time so I just pull planes around. I once pulled a An-225 solo" personal pride filling the scout car's voice. "It shouldn't be to long before were there, put on the helmet if you value your hearing."

They drove for just over an hour until they reached the airbase.

"Stay quiet" Vadik said as they rolled up to the gate. A guard stepped out of his box. "Open the gate you drunk Siberian bastard" Vadik shouted at the guard.

The guard walked to his front "And why should I let you in you old hunk of scrap metal"

"Because if you don't I'm going to run you over and use you to paint the runway"

They both stared at one another for a moment then eroupted in laughter "get your ass out of here before you rust all over everything" the guard replied as he hit the button opening the heavy metal gate. Vadik's engines roared as he rolled through the gate.

"alright we're in" Vadik said his tone becoming serious "just be careful who you tell of

this, whatever you two do, remember that in Russia any relations between two Living machines is forbidden and even more so between the living machines and humans"

They drove through the open door of a well lit hanger and Chase climbed out. There she was, he hadn't been able to take his mind off her all day.

"Chase! I'm glad you came" she said smiling as he jumped down. "Thanks for this Vadik"

"No problem, anything for you krasavitsa" Vadik said backing out.

Chase stood there looking at her, not sure how to start the conversation luckily she started it first. "I wasn't sure you would actually come, but I'm glad you did" she said smiling at him "I got something for this evening" she motioned to a table with a tall glass bottle of Plinkova Elite Vodka.

Chase walked over and picked up the elaborately simple bottle "Isn't this stuff like 800 dollars a bottle?"

She nodded "Da, Russians make the best vodka"

The bottle hissed as Chase broke the seal and poured a glass. At the first sip the elite quality of this vodka was evident.

"You like" she asked.

"I've never had this expensive of vodka before, its amazing"

"I'm glad you like it"

"So about this personal tour, what exactly does that entail"

"What do you want to see"

Chase took off his overcoat and gloves and placed them on the table "you don't mind if I get more comfortable, I've never toured a hind and I take my tours very seriously." This made her smile. He finished the glass of vodka as he loosened his tie. She shifted anxiously as he began unbuttoning his white undershirt. Two hours a day in the gym had finally paid off showcasing for Anya a toned fit physique.

“You take care of yourself well” she said “The human body is such a beautiful thing, its a shame you all keep them covered up”

“We don’t have the benefit of armor plating” Chase replied slipping out of his trousers. She licked her lips as she looked him from head to toe. “In Russia it would be nearly impossible for a vehicle to find a human willing to take the risk of being caught with a machine but to find one like you is beyond dreaming. Is this more common in America?”

“It’s not against the law like it is here. People have come to accept machines but most would still not have intimate relations with a machine, just us lucky few who see the the beauty in the machines we meet.”

“So tell me have you been with machines before?”

“A few” he replied.

“You know Chase” she said “This may be my last chance for love, I don’t know what they have planned for me after this parade is over. So do this one thing for me. Make love to me, make love to me like you never have before.” A request he would most willingly grant.

He slowly walked up to her took a knee moved his mouth to hers. Her lips were soft and smooth not what he expected of an armor plated helicopter like her. Her lips parted as he pressed his to hers and could already feel the warmth of her mouth as his tongue entered and was met by hers. Her hot breath was against his face as he tasted her tongue, her mouth had a metallic sweetness to it a taste he quickly came to love. It was a wonderful feeling kissing this helicopter.

She could have easily covered his entire face with her tongue but she wanted him to enjoy this as much as she was so she just allowed the end to dance with his, occasionally allowing hers to enter his mouth and feel around the inside of his lips and cheeks and deeper into his mouth. She had to make sure not to go to deep remembering humans used their mouths to breathe. Chase was intrigued by the taste, it was intoxicating and strangely addictive causing this kiss to last for over ten minutes of oral exploration. He had to be cautious of her razor sharp teeth, she was a predator after all, and a dangerous one at that, but also one who had chosen him to be a lover for the night.

A few seconds of deep breathing were required for Chase to catch his breath after

they broke contact. She enjoyed humans, there was something more to them than making love to a machine. They were soft and flexible and had an interesting taste to them, a taste that she endulged her self with every chance she got. Mechanical tendrils extended from her underbelly, supporting him as she leaned him back. She extended her tongue putting it at his belly button and slowly began drawing it up his body, over his chest and along the ridge of his neck finally ending at the tip of his chin. She rolled her tongue back into her mouth savoring the taste "I'm going to enjoy this."

She let him return to his feet "Is it customary in america to start with oral" Chase laughed, she had been watching to much american porn. He went over and grabbed his overcoat from the table and laid it on the ground "Is it customary in Russia to return the favor" he said removing his boxers laying on his coat and propping himself up on his elbows.

Seeing a Mi-24 bearing down on you with such deliberate intent is a profound expirence and an exiprence seldom survived, then add a set of eyes fixed on the target, ready to strike. Anya bowed down on her front landing gear, raising her tail end in the air and moved in between his legs. She slid her tongue up along his inner thighs allowing his package to rest momentatily on her tongue and licked all the way up his shaft until the tip of her tongue met the tip of his erection then took the whole thing in her mouth. He let his head fall back closing his eyes as she began to work magic with that tongue of hers.

"mmmh you're good at this" Chase said leaning up and rubbing his hand on her cheek as she kept at it. He'd been with a couple cars, a battle tank, an IFV and a rather peculiar Mig-35 but there was something special about having this Soviet era warbird in his lap. This was a different level of enjoyment. "woah there, lets not end this before it ever get started. Now its my turn." He pulled himself from her maw a string of thick airplane saliva trailing it.

"Step back" she said "lets make this more comfortable". With a whirring of servos her rotors shifted, moving until they all pointed to her tail locking with a series of mechanic clicks. Then to Chase's surprise, folding her wing under she rolled onto her side, exposing her tender gray underbelly.

"You know how long I've longed to be with a Hind" he said as he ran his fingers along her belly feeling her body admiring her unique form. Ocasionally he felt th
ded over indentation of a bullet impact. In this vulnerable position he had alr
neglected to remember she was a seasoned veteran of combat the world over.

“Even before machines came to life I was in love with them, I wanted one to hold for myself, to touch, to feel, and now I’m here about to make love to one.” He came to a stop between her landing gear feeling the soft wet lips of her vagina. This was it, his dreams would come true tonight with this bird. He knelt down and could already heel the heat emminating from her and the droplets of fluid at the edges indicated she was already aroused. Slowly he closed his eyes extended his tongue, moving his face closer and closer until his tongue met the wet lips of this Hind’s pussy. He could begin to taste her as his tongue penetrated. It was glorious , he had to open his mouth to allow his tongue to enter to its fullest, closing his mouth he began to suck her tender lips, his tongue writhing about as trying to find something in the dark. He could feel Anya begin to squirm as he went down on her, making out with her nether regions. She could feel every movement his tongue made inside her sending intense bolts of pleasure through her nervous system. He then pulled out a littler and began running his tongue slowly up and down the perimeter of her opening, her fluids seeping into his mouth making him light headed as the chemicals in her fluids interacted with his physiology causing his body to vamp up the production of Ednorphins which made him slip into a state of euphoric bliss as he continued to service her. Feeling her soft synthetic tissues against his skin was increasingly arousing causing drops of pre cum to fall from him onto the wheel of her landing gear. He withdrew from her, his face covered in her lubricants, drops dripping from his chin.

“I don’t think you’re done yet” she said, grabbing his head with her tendrils tilting it to the side and forcing his face into her vagina sinking his mouth chin and nose into her. He willingly played along with her, his tongue lapping at her insides. Anya bit her lip to stop herself from yelling aloud, this was a special treat for her and knew she could get away with it because she could tell he was deep within her thralls. She released him “So how did you like that moy lyubovnik” she said as he caught his breath. He just smiled at her, his face glossed with her lubricants.

He came to his feet. He would make her pay for that and pay dearly. “Oh, you like games do you, well try this one on for size”. He took the fingers of his left hand and began massaging her clit immediately rendering her incapable of saying anything further as she groaned with pleasure. He took his other hand and began rubbing it up and down the opening of her dripping wet pussy. “what about this” he said as he grasped her clit between his palm and fingers rubbing it vigorously. She wasn’t able to hold it after this and let out a deep moan of pleasure, fearing someone might hear her she quickly stifled herself gritting her teeth together. Now, Satisfied with his work he decided it was time for the good part.

Removing his hand from her clit he fed both hands into her slit and began massaging both sides “Anya, are you ready to get this started”. With a smile she nodded. Using both hands he spread her lips apart and placed his dick in the opening then let the sides go letting them slap together on it. He put one foot on the wheel of her bottom landing gear and grasped the bar of opposing landing gear for support.

Slowly he pushed himself deep inside her until his waist squished against her pussy, feeling the warmth of her wrapped around him was like nothing he had ever felt before. He moved in and out of her with such ease. Slowly pulling half way out then going as deep as he could, repeating the process over and over, going gently on her. Using his free hand he started playing with her clit and again she began to moan and squirm “Well, Hinds do have a weak spot” he though to himself.

He was amazed by her level of resistance, any normal girl would have came by now, even a machine. Thinking about it he was surprised he hadn’t yet either, so far the sex with her had been heads above the rest. Female machines had a unique aspect to their reproductive organs. The inside of the vagina was laced with millions of adaptive nerve dendrites that would provide her the same amount of stimulation from Chace’s human genetile as that of a girthy T-90 tank.

“Are you going to play around all night or are you actually going to fuck me” she said beckoning for more “Trust me you cant hurt me, do your worst”. Chase accepted her challenge and kicked it into high gear “As you wish my dear”. Thrusting as hard as he could into this gunship his waist slapped against her underbelly, drops of sweat rolling down his back as he proceeded to make love to her with an intensity she had never expirenced from a human before. He used every but of strength he had to give her exactly what she wanted and was satisfied to gear her moans of pleasure echo through the empty hanger. Her tendrils embraced him holding him tightly to her body one running its manipulator “fingers” through his hair.

He didn’t want this sensation to end but he could feel the climax coming so he slowed his thrusts hoping to delay the inevidible. His grip in her landing gear tightened as the tremors of the climax began to shoot through him. “Chase don’t fight it, cum in me”. The both of them could feel this climax coming, Chase had no idea how but somehow he could tell as if he could feel what she was feeling. As he felt the climax arrive he felt something new something he hadn’t felt with any other machine or human he had been with. The feeling was like nothing he could desc[illegible]
[illegible]emed to spread across his entire body occupying every fiber of his being. He wondered if this was the bond that he’d heard of. It had to be, nothing else could

explain how he felt in this moment. He could already feel somehow connected to her and a desire to be intertwined with her forever. His body quivered as he deposited his entire load inside her. He could feel her airframe shake as she to felt the intensity of the orgasm they seemed to be having together. Unlike him she knew what this meant, the two would be bonded, the touch of another would never feel the same, they would long for eachother every second of the day. This would make their seperation unbearable but it also meant she had finally met someone compatable with her, what humans would call a solemate.

Chase could hardly stand, his head still clouded with euphoria, her fluids slowly rolling down his legs as they separated “was that…” he said running out of breath half way through.

“Yes, I believe it was moya dorogaya”

“What does that mean”

“That we were made for each other”

It took him a minute to process this. She released him from her grasp “So did you enjoy that” she said moving back onto her landing gear and turning to face him once again.

“Any, there aren’t words in either of our languages to describe what I just felt” He said walking to her face and placing a kiss on the glass of her cockpit.

“So the real question is are you ready for round two” She certainly was relentless.

After two hours, three climaxes and every ounce of energy between the two they fell asleep on a mattress Chase had stolen from a crew ready room.

Chase awoke to the roar of a flight of Migs taking off on the runway just outside, while the early morning sun bathed the inside of the hangar in bright light. Anya had fallen asleep with her chin resting on his chest. He couldn’t bear waking her so he just watched her sleep, glad last night hadn’t been just a dream.

He heard the hangar door begin to slide open sending panic through him and rousing Anya from her sleep. What would someone say if they walked in on him ng naked with the Hind. He was relieved when he saw the angular hull of a B roll through the door.

“Good morning Vadik” Anya said as he closed the large door behind him.

“Anya” he said a sense of urgency in his voice “your aircrew just came through the gate, we’ll have to get him out of here before they get here which is about 15 minutes.”

“Looks like theres no time for a long goodbye” she said to Chase as she moved off him “I hope this isn’t the last time we’ll see eachother” there seemed to be a hint of a question at the end of her sentence.

“I’m going to visit you every chance I get” Chase said redressing himself and wiping away the remnants of their love making.

“I hate to break you two up” Vadik butted in “but we have to find a way to get him out of here. They’re doing the checks at the gate both in and out because of the parade. We’ve been having officers and state officials arriving all morning so security is tight.”

Vadik and Anya stared at Chase trying to create a plan on how to smuggle him out.

“you know who he looks like…” Anya said.

“don’t even think it” Vadik replied.

“admit It he looks just like him”

“What are you two talking about” Chase said a little confused.

“Anya thinks you could pass off as Minister Milonovich, but bad idea, very bad idea.”Vadic said.

“Well its either that or have him go to the gate guard and say” she switched to a sarcastic accented english “Good morning comrade gate guard. I just snuck onto your airbase to have a booty call with one of your helicopters. Would you be so kind as to let me out.”

“Anya, you’re lucky you’re my favorite. Alright Chase grab that vodka bottle, get in, put your collar up and don’t say anything.” Vadik said turning to Chase “Try to act gover. Minister Milonovich is known for being a drinker.”

“I guess I’ll see you at the parade today” Chase said looking to Anya.

“I’ll be watching for you. After the show I’ll be doing display again come see me then” Anya said. Chase could tell she didn’t want to part but then again neither did he.

They stared into each other’s eyes for a moment “A kiss for good luck”

“knock em’ dead Anya” He said then giving her a lingering kiss before being broken up by Vadik. “Alright you two we have to go”. Chase reluctantly got in and they exited the hangar.

They approached the exit gate which was manned by a different guard than the night before “Now where are you going” the burly guard asked as they approached.

“Red square, I have a discrete VIP”

“Who”

“See for yourself”

The guard slung his AK and crawled up, peering in the crew area. Chase was propped up against the side, appearing to be asleep with the bottle of vodka in his lap. The guard was surprised at who he thought he saw but not surprised as to why he would chose a more discrete mode of transportation such as this “Alright carry on”

The heavy metal gate screeched open and they exited.

“Thanks for everything Vadik” Chase said sitting up straight in the seat. “you seem to be a sort of care taker for her”

“I take care of all the living aircraft at Kubinka. Anya can be impulsive from time to time so I have to help her out with things sometimes. She’s still my favorite though.”

“Have you and her ever…you know…”

“Once or twice, We all have needs”

y stopped a few blocks from red square where he was to meet Leonid in a hc
doubt this is the last time we’ll be seeing eachother so until next time dosvidaniya”

Chase gave him a nod as he departed, Anya still on his mind.

———————————————-

Tankmorph story: (please note this story came from a text RP)

[9/14/14, 3:09:44 PM] R: In the crowds today was a particular enthusiast- of course at tank fest there are nothing But enthusiasts but this one is different. The event lasts for 3 days and at it are displays of many WWII tanker reenactments including their machines, their weapons, and the troops of that old time. It was a celebration of old technology and a way to remember not to repeat the past (even though humans eventually did repeat all of their mistakes) . everyone was here for the tanks, but since the world had be irrevocably changed, the tanks were now alive. All the old analogue armors had modern technology installed by other humans and tanks and became a working living display for all of those who had money to spend. As this was a time 20 years after the advent of machine kind, the children of these unions were also present- morphs of all kinds but mainly tankmorphs. One morph person in particular was being stalked in the crowd. His name was “vernon” and he was the product of the union between a panzer 38 t and a human.
[9/14/14, 3:10:28 PM] R: ;she didn’t have to move much to stalk him, the morph people very easily towered over the crowds like old style anime robots.;
[9/14/14, 3:18:51 PM] R: ;she noticed his “aft” at first. The machine folk were funny like this- they still adhered to words that described vehicles even though they insisted on being treated like humans next door. Either way, her loins ached around these ‘things” these.. “people”. Born after the advent of their kind, she never remembered the world the way it used to be. it seemed as if the vehicles always talked and always worked, lived, and had families alongside people. She longed for such a situation for herself but was so shy in person that all attempts made to even say ‘hi” to a truck or a boat was met with butterflies in the stomach and sweaty hands;; Today would be different however, she wasn’t getting any younger and she HAD to touch a machine.. even if it happened by force.
[9/14/14, 3:22:53 PM] Ras: Although unbeknownst to her, her efforts to follow this one particular morph did not go unnoticed. He was often one of the smaller of the morphs around, and thus got it’s own brand of attention…but she was different. She didn’t look at him with an odd eye comparing him to others. She just…seemed interested in him. Admittedly, he wasn’t too much of a heavy handed or strong willed

tank, and had problems talking to well…anyone really. Immediately anyways. Thus he always took notice when someone seemed interested rather than judgmental. He had the job at the fair of getting the crowd riled up. And every time he'd look after raising his hands and cheering for the crowd to join…he'd see her, occasionally catching a blush. Eventually he began to look for her in the crowd as he went along, firing a blank once or twice to ensure it wasn't known he was eying her back…there was also a bit of a…smell in the air.
[9/14/14, 3:30:45 PM] R: ;;as time past, the crowd shifted from several corners of the museum park to the bleachers and back again to the inside museum where manny of the real WWII and WWI tanks signed autographs and let people touch them. The event was mostly for the older folks who remembered the world the way it used to be. but the rest of the fans ? war and war tech people- some of which like her- were looking to get a date with the attractions. out of the corner of her eye she spied a guy in his 30's passing a business card to a hellcat.. it sounded like they were going to get a private tour after the show. "that's hot." the predators thought to herself. then she serious up and focused back on the grey angular hide of the crowd pleasing cajoling tank some of the aficionados called "vernon" ;;licks lips;; "wonder whats under that cloth…" ;;she angled her body around bumping into people shoulder to shoulder trying to spy an up skirt shot.
[9/14/14, 3:31:11 PM] R: ;;the event would be closed soon.. maybe its time to scout out a spot…;;
[9/14/14, 3:35:57 PM] Ras: Although she missed her original chance, just catching a glimpse of gray swaying beneath it as the tanks were guided inside. Granted Vernin didn't have the honor of signing, after all he was a morph, and not an "original machine". Instead he was helping a crowd line up to a female Char B1 offering signatures who was said to be the wife of the owner of the entire event. Of course it does give a better opportunity for our Predator to get closer…but damn…he's still behind a line. Just more darn teasing… The line apparently put there to ensure children visiting the event don't get an eyeful on accident. Although Vernin sniffs the air…there's that smell again…almost immediately he begins to look around for the source as the larger tank seems to giggle and pet his back, talking in a thick french accent just out of our predators earshot. A notable blush on Vernin's gray hide as she finishes and returns to signing~
[9/14/14, 3:44:35 PM] R: ;;6;30 pm rolls around (pun intended) and the regular shows are over. the crowds dissipate back to their transportation and hotel rooms for the next days events. the curators secure everything not tied down and tanks not slated for OT giving VIP tours clocked out and headed back to their homes. The female Charb1 and husband stayed around but nearly all of the morphs left for the night or the local pub for a pint of 12. the "predator' knew that dire machines and their morph children possessed sensory abilities beyond humans. it would not be easy to

stalk this tank and so she did what she could to mask her scent with perfumes. (perfumes don't masque pheromones however- she would come to learn this later) ;;behind the dumpster of the museum cafeteria she waited hungrily next to a parking lot ;;
[9/14/14, 3:49:29 PM] Ras: Knowing she'd heard the tank she'd targeted talking about heading to a nearby brewery in that direction…and sure enough he heads out a nearby door…although that scent catches his senses…the Char had told him SOMEBODY had the hots for him…but how could that be. He'd NEVER been as popular as the rest. Despite his tanks numerousness, there weren't many morphs, and his smaller size just…well off that he found himself almost mindlessly following that scent. Something about it just getting to him. Granted there's something worse over it but..easily enough ignored…although it is tenting his loincloth. His member hardening as he wined and felt it dragging on that darn cloth..his mind a little fogged as he wound up next to the dumpster, whimpering a little as his member was quite hard.
[9/14/14, 3:55:46 PM] R: "oh shit";; she thought to herself and cowered behind the can just barely out of his field of view. "he's here! heres here!" ;;her hands instantly perspired and she had trouble swallowing. Her heart pounded and she gave off an even thicker invisible stink then she normally would have. "is the jig up?" ;;she thoughts to herself. it was time to make a critical decision, 1. get everything you've been fantasizing about since you hit puberty with the risk of spending the night in jail. B. get rejected. ;;"she should do the smart thing– the right th– oh god.. I'm so wet down there.". ;;she cringed;;
[9/14/14, 4:02:16 PM] Ras: And right when she thinks of running without looking back..she hears a whimper…a loud soft whimper as she finally looks up…He's rock hard, whining and squirming a bit uncomfortably as he shiftily moves, seemingly sniffing the air as he seems confused how to react. His cock is just ACHING but he can't see anything around… Not that it's easy to take a close look.
[9/14/14, 4:03:57 PM] Ras: Not with his member aching and throbbing like this.
[9/14/14, 4:08:56 PM] R: ;;suddenly a dark figure leaps out from behind the bin. she holds her arms to the side as if to insist that she is armed and dangerous but she is looking down. When she looks up even your own superior tank vision can make out the features of a woman in this darkness. not just any woman- the woman who was in the crowd earlier smiling at you and moving about you. She had a really serious look on her face and he wasn't sure if this was anger or a robbery or what? "back against the wall!" she demanded and shifted her head from side to side quickly hopping not to make a ruckus. she spies the huge tent you've pitched in your loincloth and she stutters for a bit and swallows hard. "D-Didnt you hear me?! B-ᒃ
ᒃ against the wall tank!"
ᒪᑐ 14/14, 4:09:38 PM] R: ;the trail of delicious female excitement- the scent you

followed earlier it was coming from her.. by God it was coming from her;
[9/14/14, 4:16:43 PM] Ras: Her speech just bounced off him at first…it didn't mean much…but…nnngh…he could SMELL she was hot…In fact just taking a deep breath with her in vision made him groan loudly….backing to the wall just to…to keep smelling that wonderful scent as he whimpered, cock sticking out proudly in her view as his movements causes the loincloth to slip off it. Proud, throbbing cock just aching in the air as she might be shocked that he actually followed her command. "W…what now?" he whined, quivering. Not wanting to frighten her off.
[9/14/14, 4:25:41 PM] R: ;her speech was stolen away from herself and she gasped. looking at his huge frame submit to her demand and the cloth slipping away revealing a huge fat steely machine cock- Its was just as big and wonderful as she had pictured it to be in her mind. "F-Fuck.." ;;she uttered;; and closed her eyes for a second. when she opened them back up, she took a deep breath and relaxed pulling her other hand out of her pocket and approaching the large morph machine towering over her; "Don't move! this is a stick-up…." ;she said not even stopping to wonder if that was just some clechet 1970's robbery film dialogue she had lifted somewhere; . Time seemed to slow down for this 'predator' who found her palms pressed against the thigh armor of this huge humanoid vehicle. she could feel all of his little indentations and scratches, his faux rivets and his faux panels. above all- he was warm.. warm and wonderful just like herself. The tip of his penis hang throbbing before her, all she could think about is pressing both her hands against the base of it and pulling it into her mouth. dribbling silver precum and all. ;;her head pushing forward to take more of his length inside of the wet inviting chasm of her mouth.
[9/14/14, 4:26:12 PM] R: ;;her eyes close and she taste his coppery metallic pre while flicking her tongue around hi ridges completely lost in the act;
[9/14/14, 4:28:10 PM] Ras: And, in shock, the larger tank creature moaned out, gasping as he put his hands to the building…it was his first time feeling anything like this…this strange human, as weird as she was acting, was so…so good…her mouth warm and wet to his member tip as he growled and slowly fought bucking into her face…tormentingly whimpering to himself as she slid her mouth around as much as she good. His thick silvery seed gently pumping into her mouth as he whined "Ooooohhhh…" He grunted, finally giving in and giving a little "pathetic" hump.
[9/14/14, 4:36:59 PM] R: "ohmmn..mmm" she moaned into his member and her tongue flicked and her mouth sucked- tasting all of his thick metallic essence. He seemed to throb and trickle fat pearls of precum even harder into her mouth as she gently glide his aroused steel back and forth between her lips;; ;feeling him buck slightly she reached up behind his heavy leg and pulled him into her face. the other hand reached back to unzip her leather jacket revealing a pair of (what humans refer
s C-cups) soft and hanging free. "No underwear?!" vernon may have thought
[9/14/14, 4:38:13 PM] R: ;she muttered to herself taking a breath; "you taste just how

i thought you'd taste.. " ;;and she dived back in for more. her chin dripping with your machine seed.;;
[9/14/14, 4:42:26 PM] Ras: A brief thought in any case, not that it mattered much at this point…he was feeling amazing as he smiled absent minded and arched, letting her pull his groin further into her mouth as he groaned softly "Y…yes…..yeeesss…" He muttered to himself…barely able to hear her as he stroked her head, groaning and bucking…loving every moment of it, but he KNEW there's more he can have, and the more he's teased like this, the harder it gets for him to fight the urges…starting to mumble pleasurably to himself as he bucked "Y…yes…ooooh you're w…warm…I…I…" he groaned…feeling it building up, but he fights it as he slowly puts his hand on her head…surprising her perhaps as he gently pries her off his member…i..is the jig up… after all this is it u-he then surprises her…slowly putting hands on the dumpster as he put himself behind her…lining himself up as he groaned softly, stroking her side "S… slide on…" He moaned
[9/14/14, 5:02:09 PM] R: ;she hadn't anticipated how "high" she would get off of the sheer amount of nano machines this Tank would produce. (Perhaps this machine was a virgin?) Her senses felt dulled, and she was in the most relaxed state that she had ever been since she woke up this morning in her cheap motel 10 miles out of the way. His heavy hand was just on her head pressed against her wavy hair before it had momentarily released and his wonderful thick machine hood had left her mouth. "w-why..?" ;;she whimpered smacking her lips with the thick silvery pre dripping off her chin. ;he took her wrists into his hands. they felt intensely strong- strong enough to easily break bones and cause a crushing, bleeding mess, yet so gentle.. putting her hands palm down on the dumpster and hiking her upper body atop its lid. "Wait machine- " ;;she slipped her denim jeans down her hips revealing that she had not been wearing panties either. her slightly pudgy build had only served to make this tank's cock even harder too. The 2 creamy curves of her ass, her pink inner thighs with female juices trickling down the underside, and her soft human vagina now red and swollen with blood ready for him. she head his moaning words "s-slide on.." and could not wait for his moaning to end. "can this be happening?" ;she thought; "Fuck me machine! fuck me tank!" ;;she grabbed his impossibly thick tip into her hand and guided him towards her boiling hot opening just aching for him to push himself in. "Fuck me tank! do it."

[9/14/14, 5:09:40 PM] Ras: And he growled out, he was indeed a virgin…much to his embarassement. Well WAS a virgin. At this point it was moot to call him that as he grabbed her sides and started to slide in "NN…Nnnnn…tiiiight!" He growled out as he slid in…more and more…his member bending, writhing inhumanly to fit ALL of it in her. Pushing deeper than she'd ever felt anything go as he growled and hilted himself, shuddering above him…his strong, warm frame pushing to hers as he slowly

pulled out, panting hard before giving another buck. This was it. Neither was getting out of it now. He wanted to cum. He NEEDED to cum inside her. His hips spurring into a life of their own as he began to hump and buck against her bodyt.
[9/14/14, 5:19:37 PM] R: She had to breathe deep and hiss, breathe deep and hiss in huge chokeing gasps of air. His size was so big she could hardly get used it and it stretched her wide till his wonderful textures- the ridges in his cock mushroomed out to kiss her swollen clit at his cockbase. Some of his size was painful but wonderful, the rest of it was instantly everything that she had needed from the time she booked the trip to the UK. ;;she moaned; "Oh God tank, i wanted this.. i wanted this." ;she pressed her hips against you trying to fit as much of your intense machine arousal as she could inside herself. "yes my tank, fuck me, fuck me hard. cum inside me.. i need it." ;she moaned in the most gorgeous feminine voice you think you've ever heard in your life. . each thrust inside was met with a tightening of muscles, muscles clenching around your swollen aching machine cock. :lips and clitoris and muscles licking, lapping, and squeezing your cock till your own eyes roll back into your head. ;her hands gripping at your hips told you everything you needed to know about this 'rapeist criminal." and it made you feel warm and happy inside. This was better then any pub..
[9/14/14, 5:20:39 PM] R: ;;you could just smell her juices mixing with your pre and dripping down the side of the dumpster. hitting the ground like lead.;;
[9/14/14, 5:21:04 PM] R: ;;she licks her silver pre-stained lips;; "fill me up my tank. oh God."
[9/14/14, 5:27:53 PM] Ras: Each wonderful thrust sending me into shudders of pleasure as I grip her hips and grinned, leaning down as I nuzzled her head…licking and turning her head "As you say…human…" I say, mimicking her own little speaking of me as a "tank" as I growled and pulled back. Ensuring my next thrust is nice and filling as I growled and felt another heavy spurt of my nanite laced cum spraying into her…making me wince in pleasure as I felt it spraying through my cock, so welcome to feel as our juices kept mixing as I bucked "Nnnngh…so wonderfully tight…" I let out, grunting as that smell just kept me so wonderfully intoxicated as I stroked along her body, basking in how smooth and soft it is, how shapely it was…why hadn't this human "attacked" me sooner? I just growl, arching and letting out a loud groan as I fired a blank off into the air, shoving in deep as I began to spray my first non virgin load deeply into her. T he nanites flooding her system, filling her so heavily as I shuddered and bucked to ensure I got all of it into her…every last drop~
[9/14/14, 5:41:09 PM] R: ;the woman before you milking out the thick iron-rich seed clenched and shuddered in a half scream. noticeable was how wonderfully your tip flared just before you burst forth and sprayed hot machine cum into her deepest

ks and cranes. "Oh god tank! its so fucking warm! ;;her nipples grew hard as rock and she pulled your hard iron hands over to cup and rub them while biting her

lip;; “god yes, so much cum- I-I-.. ;;she thought to herself before becoming extremely high from the nannies. “God its so deep in me i’ll never get it all out!” ;;she licked her lips and shed a tear bucking back onto your throbbing member as you rode out the pleasure of your first intense orgasm. It seemed to just last and last almost a minute as she pumped her ass against your fat tank rail agin and again and again till it almost hurt, trying desperately to get every last drop from you.
[9/14/14, 5:41:25 PM] R: ;;soft human titsl slapped against your cupping hands;;
[9/14/14, 5:42:17 PM] R: ;;it was so hot and stinking and wet between both of you.. fat ropes of cum blasting out until you created a nice little seal to hold all of your heavy seed inside of her;
[9/14/14, 5:43:16 PM] R: ;;soft little fingers snaking up the sides of your quivering hips to caress you;; as if to say ‘that was wonderful tank. that was wonderful..”
[9/14/14, 5:45:12 PM] Ras: And I just groaned at her touch, panting hard as I start to come down, panting heavily as my cock throbbed, content to stay burried inside as I grinned, using my loincloth to keep her warm in the colder alley as I slowly leaned my back to the wall. Leaving her impaled on my cock as I slowly st5roked her body, licking her cheeks and churring “It’s Vernin by the way, human…what about you?”
[9/14/14, 5:47:04 PM] R: “Mercy” .. ;;she panted savoring every last inch of you and the pool of hot goo forming between the two of you;;
[9/14/14, 5:48:19 PM] R: “I needed a machine.. a tank.. i.. ;;she felt a tiny bit embarrassed.:; I needed something not human.. ”
[9/14/14, 5:48:41 PM] R: ‘I needed you.. ;she pressed her face against the cold sweaty dumpster;;
[9/14/14, 5:50:28 PM] Ras: And he grinned, slowly pulling her away “Then don’t worry about that cold metal there…there’s plenty of warmth here…” I churr…sighing as that scent was just amazing coming off her…so sating, like I’d finally had everything I could ever need sated all at once…smiling as I slowly pulled her into a kiss, spinning her in place on my member to hug her to me…just a human and tank, making out nude in an alley.
[9/14/14, 5:53:54 PM] R: ;you could see the one tiny tear roll from her right eye and she wrapped your strange turret face in her arms (slightly tilted away from your cannon and gun) and pulled your tongue into her mouth. ;;you could taste a little bit of your own pre on her lip- but you didn’t care. this was wonderful;;

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vary hot 10/10 for 1 2 and 3

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Gingyflame 9 years ago

Ok that helped a bunch.
RE-Reation story #3: Errrr-rape turned loving sex-ehh that was something I fought to keep reading, otherwise it was a great story, more inspiration!

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

Reactions:
1st story: FUCK YEAH A BATTLESHIP!
2nd story: FUCK YEAH A HIND! AND SOMEONE WITH A DETAILED ORAL SCENE TOO!
3rd story: uhhh, maybe I'll be able to follow it later?
Over all it's a FUCK YEAH more inspiration.

Reply

Ratbat 9 years ago

Reply to Gingyflame

Author

I changed the last story to something more ledgeable. try that one.

Reply

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